

# THE INNIS HERALD



**Exam/Repentance/Fun  
and Mindless Propinquity Issue**



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'Examples are thus the go-cart of judgement...' Immanuel Kant

'...he was getting very damp with sitting in that can.' Beatrix Potter

# Ice Bound Hell With Wint-O-Green

To start off, we at the Herald formally apologize for missing vowels, consonants and coherency in the articles of the last issue. None of the mistakes in the last issue were intended and, in fact, we don't think that we could make another issue with as many errors, even if we tried. The problem, we think, lies in the fact that we do try to remove 'typos', and therefore, due to Finnagle's law (The universe tends to a maximum of perversity), 'typos' will get through. So we haven't proof-read this issue, in the hope that the 'typos' will correct themselves. We, however, must turn to the issue at hand, which, vaguely speaking, is a general complaint about snow.

The advent of the month of November and the attendant onslaught of December and exams, often gives rise to questions such as 'Why am I here?', 'What am I doing here?', and 'Who is this god person anyways?'. The university's atmosphere in the late fall and early winter seems to provide a concrete referent for the 'here' in the first two of the aforementioned questions, namely 'at university, studying such and such'. This brings the vague notions (such as university being a problem in my lifestyle) that flutter in the back of my mind crashing to earth, with a slightly deliberate thud. I, however, don't have any answers for any of the above questions, and don't want to mention any of the notions that I have, because the discussion that would entail, in all probability, would bore you to tears. Besides which, it's too damn cold in the Herald office to spend a lot of time typing.

In fact, the Herald office at this point in time seems to be antithetical to Dante's inferno, and brings to mind the places where they send (or used to send, what with Glasnost and all) politically incorrect Soviet writers. The Herald office is, admittedly, much more civilized, but I still have the feeling of being in exile when I am in the office, cut off from the world, society and central heating. After the Herald purchased a car window scraper in order to get the frost off our computer's monitor, it was realized that it probably would be more expedient to get a heater for the office. So, one of us charged off to Consumer's Distributing, read books 11 through 17 of *Tom Jones* while the six staff members behind the counter finished off their chat, and eventually returned with a heater.

We've always thought of plastic as a substance without form, that oozes and flows when its molecules get agitated. Thus, it came as a great surprise when the purchased heater turned out to be plastic. Consumer's didn't have any metal heaters, and in five years, no doubt, such a species

will have succumbed to the vagaries of progress. The heater produced a funny smell when we turned it on, similar to the smell that a styrofoam cup makes when you accidentally drop it on the toaster oven. The odor went away after a while, but the heater still is tan and chocolate brown, which clashes totally with the Herald office's red and white colour scheme. The chromatic aspect of the heater is obviously explainable by the biologist's theory of adaptive radiation; heaters have evolved this way so that they blend in with the drab colours of the modern office, and thus have a better chance of survival.

At any rate the heater isn't doing anything for the office; it's pretty wimpy as heaters go. The friction produced by rolling an office chair back and forth all day would probably generate more heat than our heater. Our other attempt to keep the office warm, which involved stuffing the space between the storm and outer windows with old copies of *The New Edition*, was foiled by the janitor, who (presumably) threw them out.

Which brings us to the topic of Life-Savers, *Wint-O-Green*; to be precise, another failed product of our time, scourge of the market place, and Prometheus of the undead. The Herald recently purchased a package of these in order to see if the rumour that they glow in the dark was true. Well, they do. If you break (or crush) a *Wint-O-Green* life saver in the dark, it emits a tiny amount of greenish-blue light. The phenomenon, if we remember correctly (it was addressed in an Amateur Scientist column in S.A.), is called polikeloluminescence; the breaking of the crystals of sugar in the Life-Saver releases energy in the form of photons.

We believe that the energy released in the form of photons could be used to heat the Herald office. We, therefore are going to return that damn heater, buy a bushel of *Wint-O-Green* Life-Savers, spread them on the floor, and roll the office chair over them all day, thereby heating the Herald Office and saving us all from a fate worse than death. We at the Herald refuse to be entombed in ice like the pathetic penguin in the MGM cartoons, who fall into the Arctic waters, and pop out encased in a mathematically perfect cube of ice.

We at the Herald are cold, frustrated and angry, not to mentioned confused and bewildered. We've had many problems; the computer has made uncountable errors (when it's been warm enough to operate) and, in general, things have proceeded in exactly the way they shouldn't. Which leads us to the Herald's corollary to Finnagle's law, namely that 'The universe tends

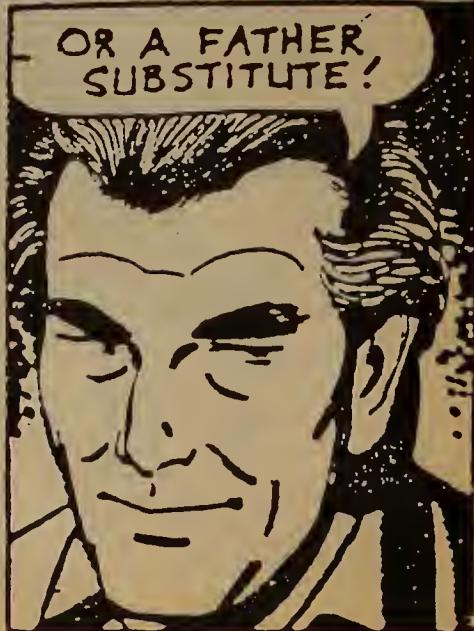
to converge on the state of boiled cabbage.'

It must be remembered, however, that not everyone has an aversion to boiled cabbage, and therefore the universe which the Herald and its office inhabits may not be entirely bad. In fact, it turns out that the plight of the citizens of Innis's tundra have not been forgotten; sometime last night an unknown (presumably) sentient force repaired the heating system. The Herald office is now quite toasty. In fact staff members started to bring in thermometers so that the arrival of Fahrenheit 451 could be anticipated and the office be evacuated before the Herald back issues spontaneously combusted. Some staff members, however, were eagerly looking forward to the expected pyrotechnics and were quite disappointed when it was decided that the windows be opened. With open windows the office falls within the range of climate that a geographer would call 'moderate'; that is to say it is as comfortable as can be expected in an imperfect world.

There are, on the other hand a couple of drawbacks to the repair of the heating system. Firstly, the Herald now possesses a unused portable heater. We don't know anybody who wants to buy it, and we are also afraid to sell it, because if we do, the heating system will almost certainly fail, and in fact blow cool air into the office. The second, and more annoying problem is a noise which seems to be a result of the repair.

This noise is unceasing and insidious. It is difficult to describe but it provides an adequate simulacrum of a squirrel, or other small rodent, being drawn and quartered, or flayed alive. It is high pitched, plaintive, verging on the sound of chalk on a blackboard. Or perhaps it is more suggestive of a soprano tyrannosaurus on the rampage. Opinions differ, and never the twain shall meet.

One fact seems to present itself again and again. Conditions in the Herald office never will be, and can never be perfect. If climate control is fine, then the auditory environment becomes abusive. If the temperature is just fine, typos appear in the final copy. If there are no typos in the copy, then it can't be laid out easily, or a slice of pizza will be dropped on it. And if the pizza isn't dropped on the layout mat, then it will have anchovies on it, so nobody will want to eat it anyway. It seems that the Herald will be continuously attacked by the combined forces of entropy and base evil, but we shall nevertheless continue to put out this rag.



## THE INNIS HERALD

November/December 1987, Volume 21 Issue 9

Sensationalist Journalism without the Sensation

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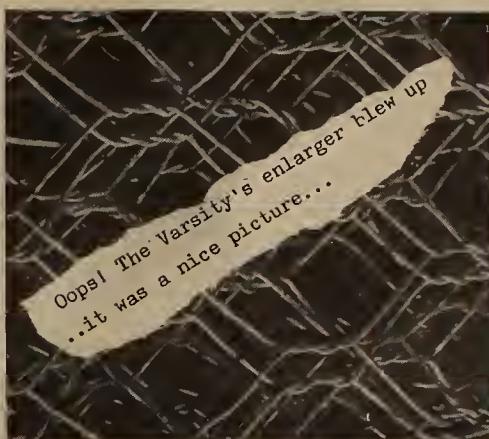
## Innis Article

Once again, the Innis Float Building team has shown that a relatively little college with a lot of spirit can go a long way at the U of T day parade.

The float builders worked all night, teasing toilet paper into tawdry flowers, preparing witty and satirical signs, and constructing screens on the float. Despite all attempts by U of T police to stop the float builders' nocturnal noise-making, the float was completed by early morning, and after a battle with the overhanging trees in the driveway, the float rolled out into the streets of Toronto, and trundled on to victory and notoriety.

The Innis float showered bystanders with candy and quite a few of them joined the students dancing on the float. The end result: a third place victory for Innis!

The float building committee wishes to thank the residents at Vlad who put up with the noise, and all the people who helped build the float.



## Phenomenal Success, President Says



A debate was held at Innis on U of T day. The topic: that U of T's St. George Campus be sold and the University be moved to a former prison site in Richmond Hill. The debate was organized by Innis's Urban Studies program and featured actual city councillors. The purpose of the debate was to demonstrate the process of city planning.

## Cassie Speaks!

Cassie Rivers

As the first term of this year draws to a close, the last thing most students have on their minds is the activities of the I.C.S.S. While most students think of November as Hell-on-earth month, it is important to remember that social and athletic activities are still going on!

Self-discipline and studying all have their place but so do relaxing and having fun! Yes - even in November! The final party of the term will be held in early December and will be a Christmas party held in conjunction with the College and the Alumni Association. If you still have time for sports be sure to check the athletic board because many tournaments are going on.

If you feel the I.C.S.S. is not offering the types of activities you are interested in attend the student affairs meetings held every other Thursday and make some suggestions. If these are not

convenient, check the office hours of the executive members of the I.C.S.S. which are posted in room 116 and make the suggestions directly to them. Everyone's input is necessary in order for the I.C.S.S. to function properly and serve the needs of Innis students.

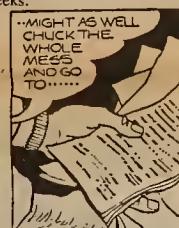
Many successful events have been held this term such as the Homecoming float building party, a Hallowe'en party, a great Orientation and many clubs.

In addition our sports teams have been successful and Innis has participated a great deal in intramural tournaments, but it would be great to see new faces participating in these traditional events. Innis events are for everyone - whether a first year or a sixth year student - and can provide an enjoyable break from an otherwise heavy and serious schedule!

## Writing Lab

Vicky Zettlins

The Innis Writing Lab (WL) is operating at full capacity. WL Director David King, also Vice-Principal, has reported complete bookings for the next two weeks.



King states that such high booking rates are unusual this early in the year. He reports that more students are bringing in completed

essays for review.

After the retirement last year of longtime WL Director Evelyn Cotter, continuity and success of the WL were in question. Helping King as WL director are veterans Roger Riendeau and Roger Greenwald.

To expand the WL and keep in touch with the overwhelming number of students wishing appointments, Cynthia Messenger has been hired as a fourth counsellor.

King reiterates that any Innis student may use the services of the WL. There is no charge. He notes that there is a trend of students returning with subsequent papers for help. Finding the WL does not seem to be a problem - it is located on the third floor of the newer section of the college.

WL service's will continue until the end of term and begin again in January.



'Writing at Innis' was one of the displays at Innis on U of T day. The display featured brief discussions of *Scat*, *The African Studies Journal* and the *Herald*, and also described the writing education facilities of the college: The Writing Lab, The Writer's Workshop and The Writing and Rhetoric course. The display was designed by Roger Greenwald.

## Demented Extraterrestrial

## Beings Eat Cabbage!

John Waterson

Who can be a Social Innisite? The Social Innisite is one who attends, not only Major Sporting events, but on who ALSO attends the other events that go on at the College. This includes the Parties that occur every 2-3 weeks!

Your social life at Innis College depends solely on your input. That is to say, if you do not attend the events then you do not have a social life, and you are definitely not contributing to the College's social life. So in other word, be Pompous, Obese, and Obnoxious, live in a swamp and be 3 dimensional. Sorry! So in other words, Come out to the various events that are planned for the school year. Remember the Parties, the Formal (in February), Variety Night, and more to Come.

More to Come???

Every year the same events are planned! Great, because they are all fantastic!! We would, however, like new suggestions for other possible events. So, if your intuitive mind goes to work and you think of a new idea for an event then drop it by the I.C.S.S. office, care of John Waterson. All ideas are welcome.

FINALLY!!

I would like to announce the NEW INNIS COLLEGE PUB.

Our INNIS COLLEGE PUB, in memory of Michael Friend's 20 years at the college, will from now on be called - FUZZ'S -.

This may seem a bit crazy, but Fuzz has done a fantastic job at all the parties, has been a great spirit

raiser, and has always had a nice thing to say about everyone. Besides, how would you like it if we named the pub after his DOG, TOKER??? Come on down to TOKER'S for a great time. Hmmm... No, forget it. FUZZ'S next PUB will be on December 4th .



## Innis Play

This year's Innis production has been chosen. *The Wonderful World of William Bends (Who is Not Quite Himself Today)* will go up some time in mid to late February. Rehearsals will be intense for this

unique comedy. Anyone interested in auditioning or helping out with the production should be on the lookout for a notice that will be posted shortly. The notice will be placed where you'll notice.

## LETTERS

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free from sexist, racist, agist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher.

### Alarmed

Dear Editor,

In the course of one of our periodic inspections for tangible signs of the Freemason conspiracy strangling our social institutions, we have uncovered evidence of a more insidious evil. Whilst seated in the non-smoking room of the Innis Café, we noted that the decorative tiles on the fire place feature a prominent swastika motif on their ceramic surfaces.

Having been led to believe that

Paul Godfrey  
Lisa Della Penna

### Silly Stuff

Dear Editor,  
The paper is very good.  
But there is not enough short, funny stuff.

Thank You,  
X

# Fuzz History

Andrew Liebmann

Yes, the rumors are true: Fuzz has deserted us for the boys of Devonshire house. The fact that he will get better pay, better hours, a better office, and a sauna are only incidental. Fuzz is a shameful, disloyal, ungrateful, turncoat, Benedict Arnold traitor!

His defection hurts me especially deeply because I have been getting to know him better than most students do (sympathy card may be addressed c/o *The Herald*). As well as being insulted and degraded everytime he sees me (which happens to everyone), I also work for Fuzz in the Pub three days a week, and I referee football with him on weekends.

After many hours in the car with him I have learned the secret of his soul: He likes two Dutchie's and a large orange drink after games in Pickering.

Actually, knowing Fuzz (or Mike Friend as his mother used to call him — before even she forgot), is a lot like playing trivial pursuit. There's nothing big to know (except his waist size), but there is an endless amount of trivial and unconnected information that will keep popping up about the man.

For instance, even though it may seem that Fuzz was born at Innis and found in the beer fridge yelling insults through his thick beard, be actually has a past.

I have heard from an occasionally reliable source (Fuzz) that the young Mike Friend grew up in the east end, and was a big boy

always interested in sports. In fact, Fuzz claims he has not grown an inch since he was ten years old (or was that grade ten? Who cares, he also says that he doesn't drink). As a somewhat large lad, he found himself a natural for football and has been involved with the sport ever since. High School was also the place where he got his nickname because of his big beard, not as is sometimes suggested, because he used to be a policeman.

That's right, a policeman. He also belonged to an outlaw "Motorcycle Club". Well, actually he was working undercover for Metro's finest, or so the story goes.

I've never heard what made him leave the police force, but whatever it was it didn't slow him down much. He worked as a mechanic in a garage, did construction and renovation, and made big bucks refereeing football all over the province. One of the guys I now work with was once talking to a coach during half time, and both of them remembered Fuzz throwing flags at them in their high school days — throwing to maim, no doubt.

Oh, yeah: somewhere in there he also went to University. This university, and strangely enough, this college! I don't know what he finally got his degree in (probably "General Arts" — those were the old days before the Kelly system), but I also know that he started in Engineering and ended up taking courses in everything he could, passing some of them too.

Now, Fuzz has managed to become an integral part of the university. He's done this mainly by just hanging around for fifteen years or so. Whatever needed to be done Fuzz was always around to do it, whatever needed to be fixed, Fuzz knew how to fix it, and whenever there was a seemingly minor detail to take care of Fuzz could always handle it. Maybe it will work for Jim too.

But now he's gone, all those tales of wildness and debauchery, will live on only in memory. Tales of financing the I.C.S.S. by illicit sales over the bar in the pub, of shady acquisitions from his old buddies who could get "a good deal", and of the totally unfounded but persistent rumour that he was only breeding poisonous snakes and vicious reptiles to keep small children from playing in his yard. He does hate kids, but he'd probably prefer to run them down with his car (which bears a striking resemblance to the Deathmobile). Besides, Sue made him get rid of the poisonous snakes; now the most dangerous thing he breeds are constrictors, and alligators, and crocodiles, and ...

Now he's gone — or is he? I seem to see him around an awful lot: maybe he gets lonely for the old alma mater. Maybe he is having second thoughts, or maybe he just likes the people. Whatever it is, try to be nice to an old man as he wanders wistfully through the corridors of his youth.

# Fuzz Party

Vicky Zeitlin

After two decades, Michael "Fuzz" Friend is leaving Innis. Friend has accepted a position at Devonshire as Residence Steward.

When asked what the job entailed, Friend was a little fuzzy, "a bit of everything". (This reporter has found out that Devonshire has a sauna which can reach temperatures above 200 degrees, but of course that has nothing to do with it.)

Innis students and alumni are shocked at Friend's sudden departure. Always a steady at Innis parties, Friend has stated that he will keep on in that capacity ad infinitum.

A "farewell but not goodbye" party was held for Friend at Innis to wish him the best of luck. It was well attended with all sections of the Innis community represented.

Innis Principal, John Browne made presentations of a small, but expensive envelope and a mysterious hat. Debate thrived as to whether the hat was representative of a fish or a whale. "Fuzz say" it's a whale, so a whale it is.

Promising to visit often, Friend thanked everyone and then proceeded to finish off his wine.

**I had Elvis' Fuzz Said:**  
**love child** WHO THE FUCK IS ARNOLD  
**JIM NEEDS A BORSUTZKY?**  
**SUMMER DON'T TAKE BRIBES**  
**JOB PAUL IS A**  
**SMASH CHEESE**  
**NEW EDITION PEROGY**  
**TERROR. WITH WHITE SAUCE**

THIS ISSUE OF THE HERALD SUCKS

# Sacorama

Rick Campbell

Gosh! What an interesting couple of weeks it's been, huh? SAC has been fined \$11,000 by a binderly and a Varsity editorial claims that SAC "will lose an undetermined amount [of money] to pacify angry advertisers". Have we heard from our leaders in the funny-looking building Hart House Circle? No. Will the culprits face any kind of reprimand? Hey! Lighten up, dudes! Don't you know that SAC is the training ground of our future politicians? Do politicians ever have to pay for anything they do in this country? Think of Rene Fontaine, Francis Fox, half of the Mulroney cabinet! Why make student politicians suffer through agonies that our representatives in the so-called "real" world will never have to know?

I find it hard to believe, however,

that these people belong to the same governing body that is considering nailing CIUT to the wall over a \$69,000 loan. Shouldn't they just bail them out? I mean, isn't that how it's done in the "real" world? I mean CIUT is a financial disaster but obviously losing money isn't that important to SAC, is it? As SAC made such a big profit last year, why not just forget the whole thing? Money, money, money! There's lots of it floating around. Who cares, right?

I am certainly disappointed though, by the silence greeting my proposal to bring the noted rock and swing group The Grateful Dead to Varsity Stadium, for a charity gig. It has an inspirational air about it. I take it to mean that SAC has more important items on its agenda. Like losing money.



SAC Pres. No Mickey Mouse

# RANDOM THOUGHTS

## Racism: An Arbitrary Classification

Matt McGarvey

In last month's column the thrust of my thesis was that racism arises as a criticism of individuals extended to a class or set, or as a criticism of a culture for which it is unreasonable to place blame (and then take positive action) against individual members of the set. Now I would like to carry this further, and advance an argument that racism is arbitrary discrimination because racial categories can only be arbitrarily drawn. Being arbitrary, it seems to be the case that it is not acceptable by logical or normal standards.

Whence comes the concept of race? The modern, classic interpretation is that all people may be classified as being one of, or a mixture of, three races: caucasian, black and oriental. This convenient simplification lets pseudo-scientists (read: anthropologists) make connections between culture and genetics. The black race and black culture are not separately identified, but are seen as inter-related.

How are the lines defining the races drawn? Well, if you have pale skin, you qualify as caucasian. If you have black skin, you are black. If you have epicanthic folds in your eyelids, you are oriental. Simple isn't it?

Some argue that the races are dependent on other features, such as hair colour and texture, shape of nose, ears, and lips, etc. This, it

seems, is an exclusive notion, formulated by 'white' people to give themselves unique claims. It is exclusive in that you cannot be black if you have straight hair; you cannot be oriental if you have curly hair, etc., etc.

The obvious 'question' is, who cannot be caucasian? Tom Jones, afro hair and all, is caucasian. Mick Jagger, wide lips and all, is caucasian. Are East Indians caucasian? Well, they have all the features, but the racist progenitors of 'race theory' did not want to include them (Heavens, they were only colonial natives!) so they are not caucasian. It became apparent that other 'races' needed to be developed to satisfy the status quo. Thus, the Indian 'race', the Latin 'race', the Arab 'race'. However, the more distinctions we make, the more difficult it becomes to classify people.

The problem is, arbitrary lines were drawn where no boundary exists. I'm not really caucasian; Simon Cotter has no real claim to be black, nor does Nelson Mandela. Mitch Chang is racially not oriental (although perhaps we can describe the region his family stems from as the Orient).

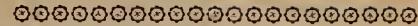
The truth is, nobody knows from what features of primitive man our features evolved. We are all homo sapiens. Are any of us 'racially pure'? I would highly doubt it, and

even if some meaning can be ascribed to this condition, I challenge anyone to prove their 'racial purity' in any meaningful sense.

Perhaps the closest thing to a race that we now have is the Judaic people. Except for the few converts, all Jewish people can supposedly trace their roots to the tribe of Abraham. Thus, a real, if remote, genetic tie exists among them.

The flaw in this argument is that, on the same historical basis, we are all descended from one pair, Adam and Eve. Thus, the tribal distinction upon which the racial distinction rests is arbitrarily set. Even being a 'chosen person' of God does not entail that God recognizes a genetic distinction. And, obviously, given the diversity of appearances of Jewish people, it is not a distinction based on appearance. Either it is a genuine racial distinction mysteriously made by God, in which case it is beyond the scope of my philosophy, or it is, as with other distinctions of race, arbitrary in the sense that it does not depend on anything physical. The Judaic distinction is based on faith, which is not morally so repugnant as racial distinction based on pure desire to oppress, but is still not a real (physical) distinction.

To conclude, there 'really' are no races. Thus, to be racist is absurd. Stop it.



### NOTICE

Avoid damp basements  
and extreme heat when  
storing envelopes.

When flap is moistened,  
wait till Gum is tacky  
before sealing.

Is this your last box of  
Envelopes.

DATE

### AVIS

Il faut éviter dans l'en-  
treposage des envelop-  
pes les endroits humides  
et les températures  
élévées.

Avant de sceller les en-  
veloppes, attendez que  
la colle sur la patte soit  
bien humectée et  
collante.  
Est-ce votre dernière  
boîte d'enveloppes ?

KEN

OPER. NO.



Ben Recites

## Xenophon and Og

A column addressing the metaphysical, physical and just plain absurd.

O: Our first question for this month's column is 'Do you think Derrida's critique of logocentrism has anything to do with the length of this fall's skirts?'

X: Well, neither of us really know what Derrida meant by 'logocentrism'.

O: Actually, neither of us has read Derrida, and it doesn't look like we're going to get the time.

X: In fact, I recently gave a copy of one of Derrida's books to one of Og's more primitive friends, who tossed it into his bonfire, cooked a leg of something or other over it, and made up a couple of myths that made things a lot clearer for him than Derrida could. Which just goes to show that bricolation can be applied to literacy.

O: Anyway, we thought we'd try to answer the question despite our ignorance.

X: -which is what we do all the time. O: -by trying to elucidate the meaning of logocentrism from the word itself.

X: We figure that 'logos' usually means a symbol that stands for something else (a concept), and is usually associated with words as symbols, as in the word 'neologism'.

O: 'Centrism' obviously refers to the fact that the 'logos' is central to whatever is logocentric. So we concluded that 'logocentrism' was a condition in which the meaning of the word, or the use of words themselves is taken to be more important than other things.

X: So it follows that logocentrism



does affect the length of skirts, in the same way that length of the measurement 'foot' affects the way our houses look.

O: Yeah, if you go around with a yard stick measuring doorways and shelves in your house, you'll find that the size of things fit in neatly with our measurement system. It's really terrifying.

X: The way we measure things affects the way we build things, because we assign importance to the way we articulate measurement. So if we assign importance to the way we articulate more complex things, through the artifice of words, then we are certainly going to affect the way we think about things, like the length of skirts.

O: Derrida, of course (or so we've heard), didn't actually have anything to do with skirts, so we don't know why you asked this question in the first place. The next question is 'How many roads must a man walk down?'

X: Aside from considerations of syntax, I'd say the answer to this question is 2.5, or 2 in a really good life.

O: I disagree with you there,

Xenophon. I haven't walked down any roads, and probably won't get the chance, as they haven't been invented yet.

X: Well, I'm sure you could make a killing in the paving business, you greedy capitalist.

O: The next question is 'Why were there mashed potatoes in the quiche?'

X: I personally think that we're going to have to refer to a rather obscure source for the answer to that one, namely Julius Chlidus, an ancient Roman who wrote a book whose title translates (roughly) as 'Good to Eat: Why?'. Chlidus refers to an organ, located in the left foot, in which the burnous which respond in ecstatic little dances to the various impressions and sensations which the particles and matters of the food leave upon the tongue by the various pressures and interactions of the fluid of the ether with the heavy parts of the body, coalesce. This organ is described as the organ of gustatory judgment.

X: So, it seems that this organ in the person who made the quiche went awry, a process which (conceivably) could be accompanied by a sound effect which can be transcribed as 'blooeyooeyunkunk'.

O: Or, more probably, the person who made the quiche has no left foot.

X: Which means they wouldn't be any good at dancing either.

O: But who'd want to dance with a person who put mashed potatoes in a quiche?

X: But anyway, we've got to move on to the next question which is also about cuisine - Is Room 338 anything like Room 101 in Orwell's 1984?

X: But anyway, we've got to move on to the next question which is also about cuisine - Is Room 338 anything like Room 101 in Orwell's 1984?



O: For those of you who don't know, Room 338 is a restaurant at the corner of Huron and Harbor whose facade can only be described as 'Vile Green'.

X: And Room 101 is the room where you confront your most horrifying nightmares, brought to life by the supplicants of Big Brother with loving attention and gut-heaving verisimilitude.

O: So for me, personally, they are very much the same. I often have nightmares about 'Vile Green'. Vile green as an abstraction is, for those of you who are wondering, eminently more horrible than a particular occurrence of that colour. It is all encompassing in an evil sort of way, like a bad TV show.

Eastman Kodak talks about this in his essay on colour theory, and claims that 'Vile Green' has an 'Evil Index' of 9.6, which is pretty high. My worst dream about the colour had me drowning in a vat of vile green jello that was boozing between a liquid and colloid state. As I struggle to the top, I kept on fearing that the jello would gel and trap me in it, like some sliced banana in an evil chef's jello mold. The problem was

compounded by the fact that the jello tasted like vile green limes, and -

X: Yes well, you can see that Rooms 338 and 101 do have some similarities. Our next question is kind of difficult: The question of how reason is determined in itself and what its relation is to the world concides with the question, what is the ultimate purpose of the world?

O: Which reminds me of something I once read in Heidegger:

X: Yes.

O: That's your answer.

X: Yes.

O: Well, ok, I think we're going to ask the readers for an answer to that one. You can send them to the editor.

X: The next question is 'What's an aglet?'.

O: An aglet is the plastic thing that they put on the ends of a shoelace.

X: What I'd like to know is who the 'they' in that statement is, Og? Obviously money grubbing industrialists out for money, providing services that nobody needs. I mean, who needs shoelaces anyway? I get along just fine with the buckles on my sandals and furthermore -

X: To return to the question at hand, they were invented in the 1920's by a disgruntled mathematician who became a cobbler and realized that people spent 48 hours of their lives trying to push frayed shoelaces through holes.

O: The last question is 'Heet me Jeffrey, heet me.'

X: Absolutely.

O: But is it legal?

Readers! Please send in question on any topic, no matter how absurd, or how serious.

# RANDOM THOUGHTS

## Ecologist's Corner

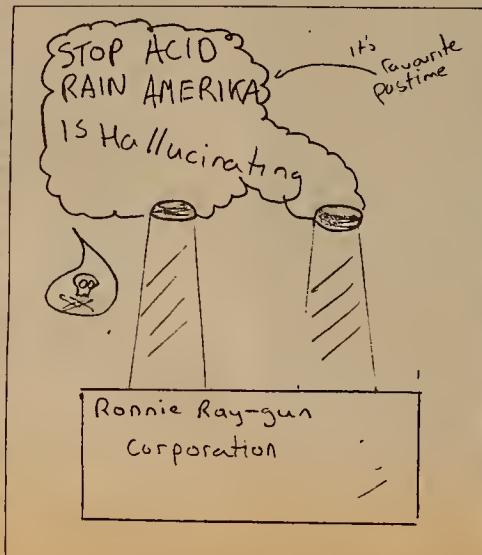
### Express Your Enviro'Mentality'

Robert Jamieson

When glancing through the October issue of the *Innis Herald*, I was struck by the domination of the paper by Cinema Studies students. Not only do these film students dominate the paper, it seems that they control the entire college! Every where ones looks in the college, the film students have left their mark. Not that this is a bad thing, for the college is well known for its Cinema Studies program.

What I am wondering is 'Where have all the ecology students gone?' Innis College is well known to campus environmentalists for the environmental studies program. Where are these environmental students? Are they hiding in remote corners of the botany building, studying the ecology of Duffin Creek aquatic algae?

In order to solve this nagging problem we have created the 'Ecologist's Corner', a place for Innis College (and other) environmental students to express their interests and concerns. Any person who wishes to write on environmentally related subjects can speak to me or David Morris, or just drop your piece off at the Herald office (Rm. 305, Innis College). Comics and short statements would be welcome.



### Rouge River Saved

Yukio Koglin

The Scarborough Town Centre was not a good place to be on November 2 if you were a developer. On that night, Scarborough Council voted overwhelmingly in favour of not developing the Rouge River Valley, the last piece of virginian Carolinian forest to be found in Metro.

Viewpoints supporting conservation ranged from the emotional presentations of 'Save the

problem for seven years and felt insulted that the new Minister of Government Services tried to further delay any concrete action on the very last day with a letter suggesting further assessment of the situation.

Of T was well represented with a witty and relevant sociology prof from Scarborough Campus, a well meaning but nervous speaker from one of the faculties and an unprepared Innis College urban

### Disturbing Quotes

The land as a community is the basic concept of ecology, but that land to be respected is an extension of ethics.

Alfred Leopold

The most important function of the wilderness for modern man is the opportunity of glimpsing for a moment what harmony really means.

Sigurd Olson

Nature was created for man to exploit.

Lenin

The 'control of nature' is a phrase conceived in arrogance...when it was supposed that nature existed for the convenience of man.

Rachel Carson

Any fool can destroy trees.

John Muir

Ninety percent of all pollution is caused by flowers and trees.

Ronald Reagan

Our feeling is that there is no ecological damage...

K. Purhac, Electric Power Research Institute

Banning Ohio for acid rain is like blaming Florida for hurricanes.

Director of Ohio Environmental Protection Agency

Resources must be developed for the benefit of American consumers.

James Watt, US secretary of the Interior (Environmental)

We will never really become serious about our pollution until it begins to interfere with our television reception.

Pessimistic delegate at Action Seminar on Acid Precipitation. Toronto 1979

The greatest threat to ecology is environmentalism.

James Watt

Anyone who has considerably meditated on man, by profession or vocation, is led to feel nostalgia for the primates... I sometimes think of what future historians will say of us. A single sentence will suffice for modern man: he fornicated and read the papers....

Albert Camus, *The Fall*



Rouge' supporters to the concerns of a dairy farmer fearing eventual displacement as a result of Rouge development. The few viewpoints expressed in favour of developing the Rouge were marred by weak arguments citing the ever popular "inconclusive scientific evidence", ulterior motives in the case of a realtor posing as a concerned citizen, and the heckling of a hostile audience.

The Scarborough politicians have been wrestling with the Rouge

studies student who babbled.

It was apparent that many of the council members had their minds made up before the meeting even started, perhaps as a result of major public outcry at a previous meeting, and the subsequent mail and phone complaints. Alderman Brian Aston summed up the spirit of the decision well by saying that instead of the old "stop the world, I want to get off" mentality, people are beginning to think "keep the world going-we can't get off".



# Aesthetic vs. Politic: The Pleasure of Film

Jim Shedd

The one eternal, permanent revolution in Art is always the Negation of the use of Art for some purpose other than its own.

- Ad Reinhardt

An artist must go where his perception takes him.

- Fred Wellington

To the delight of some, and the chagrin of others, the Iris Film Society has gained a reputation for being a small group of aesthetes, programming films for no other reason than their intrinsic merit (can one still use such language?). While we have no hard-and-fast policy - and we certainly do not all agree (yes, you may read that as a disclaimer) - there has been a tendency to eschew what might be called a 'political' programming in its various guises: the screening of films by younger, 'unexposed' artists; films that address a particular 'issue' like the oppression of women, Blacks or workers; or films that supposedly subvert dominant filmic conventions that the filmmakers in question - or theorists writing on the films -- argue to be oppressive (a famous film in this genre is Wollen and Mulvey's *Riddles of the Sphinx*, which attempted to 'deconstruct' pleasure, a concept which was taken to mean the patriarchal pleasure of subjecting women to the male gaze).

It is not the case that the Film Society has never shown any films that might fit into the above categories, or others that one might consider politically motivated; it has. The programming rationale, however, has never been based on the ability of film to satisfy a particular political agenda. In the past few years, we've tended to follow more of an art-for-art's-sake policy. Paradoxically, however, I would like to argue that this art-for-art's-sake attitude is

inherently a political statement. The avant-garde, which has traditionally taken on this attitude, has, in at least the last century, reopened consciousness to modes of thinking that are closed by utilitarian rationality. This is the appeal of art; and, in an age fascistically ruled by technocratic utility, this appeal is tremendously political.

To demonstrate this point I would like to introduce the 'avant-garde' that the Film Society has been promoting tirelessly over the past few months, an avant-garde which is primarily aesthetically inspired as opposed to (primarily) politically inspired. For me, because of the nature of art, the aesthetically inspired work has proven to be more politically forceful than that which attempts to be 'political' at a discursive level. In fact, it strikes me that relatively few filmmakers have successfully made 'political' (i.e., embodying a conscious ideological stance) films that are, at the same time, aesthetically intriguing. Eisenstein and Godard are two obvious exceptions, though here I would have to agree with Annette Michelson who says that 'Eisenstein's conception of montage, derived from the orthodoxy of the Dialectic, is not really so theoretically convincing as it is aesthetically regenerative.' Filmmakers are not usually philosophers or political theorists - with a few exceptions of genius, e.g. Frampton, Snow, Kluge, illustrating political ideas is usually, but not always, either propaganda or it's advertising' (Michael Snow).

I do not propose a history of the avant-garde, just a rough sketch of one particular trend, particularly well-represented this year by the Film Society, a trend that I consider radical, and a challenge to our technocratic discourse: the New American Cinema'.

'The New American Cinema' is a fiction, but an illuminating one. It refers roughly to two decades of filmmaking, largely centred in New York, and largely around various projects of Jonas Mekas: *Film Culture*, the journal, his column 'Movie Journal' which appeared regularly in *The Village Voice*; and various experimental film theatres, notably the Filmmaker's Cinematheque.

There is no single aesthetic which can unify the filmmakers; nonetheless, while most commercial American filmmakers use novelistic modes, the New American Cinema almost never does. Instead, this type of avant-garde film was predicated on principles of various movements in modern art: obvious examples that come to mind are Symbolism (Anger, Rice, Jacobs); collage (Conner); and Abstract Expressionism (Brakhage). In other words, the New American Cinema filmmakers were more concerned with rhythm, framing, colour, light, sound, celluloid and projection than with plot, character development, psychological motivation, etc.

Not that the films were not 'literary'. Ken Kelman, a key writer on the movement during its peak, describes one trend among the filmmakers - especially the aforementioned Rice and Jacobs, but also George Kuchar - as suggesting 'mainly through anarchic fantasy, the possibilities of the human spirit in its socially uncorrupted state.' The films were often short dramas, but not closed, teleological worlds like the average Hollywood feature, owing more to Méliès's magic-show inspired films, than to Griffith's novelistic films. Another literary trend that Kelman noticed was the 'mythopoetic' (not his term, but one from Pound, which P. Adams Sitney develops more fully with reference to avant-garde cinema),

referring to the creation of a new myth, exemplified best in the work of Brakhage (e.g. *Dog Star Man* and *Anticipation of the Night*). For Kelman, Brakhage 'gives filmic substance to the spirit of matter to the flesh of spirit, to the life which our culture denies.'

Jonas Mekas was - and still is to some extent - the spiritual godfather of the New American Cinema movement. It is he, more than almost any other, who has been able to express in writing the impulse behind this type of filmmaking. The filmmakers were, he claims, 'trying to bring some beauty into a world full of sadness and horror.' How do they do this? By teaching us how to see again, to reawaken our senses. Ken Kelman, referring to Hollywood film: 'The Old is... completely calculated, with believable characters, developed and motivated actions, clockwork time, everything to confirm our belief - or hope? - that the universe is a causal, rational place. Our films have become a function not of energy, interest and rhythm - not of the human spirit - but of economic greed and compulsive hypertrophy.' Bruce Elder, a contemporary Canadian filmmaker, but much inspired by the New American Cinema, on narrative in general: 'narrative misrepresents because, in order to organize the past into comprehensible structures, it eliminates the unmanageable ambiguities and the painful contradictions inherent in experience.'

Our world-view is indeed teleological. Everything is knowable, then conquerable. There is no mystery, only that yet-to-be-known and ordered. We have intention but no attention, will-to-power but not love. Instead, though, imagine (Brakhage here, in the most profound text on cinema); a 'world alive with incomprehensible

objects and shimmering with an endless variety of movement and innumerable gradations of colour.' Imagine, Brakhage asks, seeing the world anew like a child.

Finally: a long quote from Brakhage, praising cinema's (yet untapped) potential for reawakening the senses to the splendour of the world:

'Consider this prodigy for its virtually untapped talents, viewpoints it possesses more readily recognizable as visually non-human yet within the realm of the humanly imaginable. I am speaking of its speed for receptivity which can slow the fastest motion for detailed study, or its ability to create continuity for time compression, increasing the slowest motion to a comprehensibility. I am praising its cyclopean penetration of haze, its infra-red visual ability in darkness, its just-developed 360-degree view, its prismatic revelation of rainbows, its zooming potential for exploding space and its telepathic compression of space to make it seem like the possibility of a flat perspective, its micro and macroscopic revelations. I am marvelling at its Schlaerl self capable of representing heat waves and the most invisible air pressures, and appraising its other still-camera developments which may grow into motion, its rendering visible the illumination of body heat, its transformation of ultra-violets to human cognizance, its penetrating X-ray. I am dreaming of the mystery camera capable of graphically representing the form of an object after it's been removed from the photographic scene, etc. The absolute realism of the motion picture is unrealized, therefore potential, magic.'

## Dump On Theatre

Rick Campbell

Here I go. Come and get me, punts! The response to CentreStage's current production of *The House of Bernarda Alba* has been lukewarm. Why? The usual reason -- overblown bombasticity. Many have complained that the Lorca play is ill-served by direction that associates ponderous atmosphere with tragedy and limis acting.

It is this lack of a lightness of touch that spoils many Stratford productions this summer. Brecht's *Mother Courage* suffered from clutter and a lack of focus. For example, Swiss Cheese doing a dance number more suited to *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* served no other purpose than to show off Brent Carver's musical skills. (It may have been an attempt to reassure an audience not experienced with Brecht's drama. If this is true it was an act of timidity.) Rather than becoming a solid piece of work, the play became another Stratford costume epic with an ineptly tacked-on anti-nuclear message. The result was a Mother Courage who resembled television's Maude, and a perplexed audience. Once again a classic play suffered from a lack of intelligent interpretation and unified purpose.

So what right? What do we expect from middle-of-the-road theatre companies with big budgets and very little brains. Isn't it a Canadian tradition? Hasn't the best theatre in this

country always come from the outlying regions and Toronto's own fringe scene? (Theatre Smith-Gilmour's *The Greenbird* is a case in point.) Yet several things disturb me.

Smaller companies are having increasing difficulty in mounting their work despite the attention of critics and audience. Further, the merger of Toronto Free Theatre (a company noted for its exciting contributions to theatre) with the stodgy, static CentreStage bodes ill for TFT work of real consequence. Can Bill Glassco and Guy Sprung amicably resolve their very different approaches to the theatre and will a compromise dilute the power of TFT's output?

Finally, is the largest company in town capable of producing inventive and provocative interpretations of theatre classics on the order of the English Shakespeare Company's exciting *Henry Trilogy* that played to a myopic audience and press at the Royal Alex this summer? It seems that budget trimming has forced a market research attitude. Give 'em what they want, or worse, give 'em what they think a "serious" work should be.

Stratford's tiresome productions of great plays stretch back to the lacklustre costume heavy epics of the Robin Phillips years. Only the recent Young Company production of *Measure for Measure* showed any vitality. (Ironically it was directed by

Michael Bogdanov, director of the *Henry Trilogy*.) The press accused the production of being unimaginative. Perhaps they preferred the soporific *Macbeth* that Phillips once gave us. It seems the Toronto press generally reacts against any production that shows a spark of imagination or might help us to see an old play in a new way. This will only lead to a shrinking of the theatre audience as people come to see the plays of Shakespeare, Chekhov and Lorca as museum pieces fit only for classroom study. Worse, the reactionary press seems to have prevented innovative companies from attempting anything remotely original. (Stratford proudly trumpeted the pairing of *Hamlet* and *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* last year as "controversial". Yawn!)

Part of theatre's job is to enrich the community by stimulating the imagination. There is genuinely exciting theatre in Toronto. Our larger companies should be producing similarly exciting work. They have the budgets and resources to do so. Their failure hurts not only establishment theatre but affects the fringe as more people turn away from exploring theatre. We have a right to expect more. This current complacency should disturb all of us who feel that the stage can still offer art of great power.

## A Reading

### From Toronto Flavia Cosma

The Rumanian-born Flavia Cosma has had poems published in journals in Paris, Montreal and Toronto, and is represented in two French-language anthologies, *Présences roumaines au Canada* (Montreal, 1986) and *Anthologie des poètes roumains en exil* (Geneva, forthcoming). She will read her work in Rumanian; Anne Michaels will read English versions.

### From Montreal Désirée Szucsany

Since making her literary debut in 1980, Désirée Szucsany has published two novels, two collections of short stories, and a volume of poems. Her work has appeared in English as well as French-language journals, and she is represented in Penguin's recent anthology, *Intimate Strangers: New Stories from Quebec*. She will read her work in French and English.

Wednesday, Nov. 25th, '87, 8:00 p.m.  
Innis College Town Hall  
St. George Street and Sussex Ave.

Admission Free

# ARTS

# in Discussion Discussion Discussion Discussion Disc

*Earth, Sun, Moon*  
Love and Rockets  
Beggar's Banquet

Love and Rockets is the present incarnation of the trio consisting of Daniel Ash, David J. and Kevin Haskins. Previously of Bauhaus, they have since been involved (either together or separately) in the groups: Tones on Tails, The Sinister Ducks, Dali's Car and a solo project from David J. *Earth, Sun, Moon* shows a definite musical progression from their past projects. As always, the lyrics are a sort of psychedelic existentialism with lines like 'Because I could be nothing at all; Because I should be nothing at all; I wish I could be nothing at all', yet in some songs the use of sarcasm is more pronounced than in previous efforts.

The music on this album sounds much 'richer' than in their last album, *Express*. Besides the acoustic guitars and the well defined bass line that have come to form the basis for the Love and Rockets sound, this album introduces saxophones and something described in the liner as a 'Monkey Man' flute. The result is music that is at times peaceful and reflective, and at times powerful and direct. My favourite track on the album is 'Waiting for the Flood.'

Luis Aguila

*Septet and Requiem Canticles*  
Igor Stravinsky  
Deutsche Grammophon

Stravinsky (Igor, not Elvis) is best known for his early works, especially the ballet *The Rite of Spring*, which launched him into a career of controversy. Few of his later works gained any notoriety, save perhaps the *Symphony of Psalms*, the eclectic jazz piece, *The Ebony Concerto* and *The Flood*, and, gosh, this is just a shame. So here are two of many Stravinsky pieces you should hear.

The *Septet* (1953) has been called Stravinsky's most contrapuntally perfect work. It marks the division between his neo-classical and serial phases of composition perfectly, as its first two movements are written around a tonal centre, while the third movement is constructed on a partial

tone row.

The first movement opens with a lively playful theme on the clarinet. This theme is subtly alluded to throughout the work, although it is only repeated once during the recapitulation of the first movement. After this repetition with variations a slow, gentle coda brings us to the second movement (Passacaglia).

The passacaglia is pensive, austere and hauntingly beautiful. Stravinsky's wonderful command of this potentially tedious classical style (which repeats the base line through a number of variations) makes it one of his most compelling works.



The Gigue (movement 3) is a quick and lively 6/8 work composed on an eight-tone row. Stravinsky does not forget tonality when he adapts Schoenberg's theory to his own practice. Instead, he combines the serialism of Schoenberg with his own theories of tonality which he never fully abandons. The gigue consists of one theme with variations, repeated four times, alternating between the strings and the winds and piano, and undergoing several serial transformations, such as retrograde and reversed themes. It ends with a reiteration of the original theme, followed by a surprisingly forceful, definitive end to a continually moving and fluid work.

The *Requiem Canticles* (1966), a rendering of the Catholic Mass for the Dead, is one of Stravinsky's very last published works. It is written in Stravinsky's special serial-tonal style which he began to experiment with in the *Septet*. The work is scored for a small orchestra, a large battery of percussion instruments (including xylophone, triangle, and a series of pitched gongs and cymbals), a choir and

four solo singers. There are nine short pieces: Prelude, Exaudi, Dies Irae, Tuba Mirum, Interlude, Rex Tremendae, Lacrimose, Libera Me, and Postlude. All are interesting but most notable are the Exaudi, which shows the incredible beauty possible through choral serialism, the powerful Dies Irae, and the Libera Me, which features the four soloists singing a chant over the same chant spoken rapidly by the choir, one of the more innovative choral techniques I've heard.

Both the *Septet* and the *Requiem Canticles* are available on Deutsche Grammophon. For those who like



the *Septet*, note that it is really a sequel to the *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto*, also worth a listen. Stravinsky's unique treatment of choral singing in the *Requiem Canticles* is further exemplified by *Intros: T.S. Eliot in Memoriam*, written the same year, which features a chorus of male tenors and a battery of pitched and unpitched percussion instruments, and was written on the occasion of the poet's death.

Keith Denning



## Tormented Crooner Defends Cubist

Una Ng and The Yob

Pablo Picasso was most likely called an asshole, but, apparently, as the title suggests, someone disagrees. That someone happens to be a certain singer-songwriter and part-time painter named Jonathan Richman, a musical phenomenon that descended upon the Rivoli on October the fifteenth and sixteenth. Really now, who the hell is Jonathan Richman?

Strangely enough, not too many people have heard about Jonathan, even though he's been around for quite a while. Originally from Boston, Jonathan, like everybody who's anybody in the eighties, received inspiration from the Velvets and put out his own material with his very own band, The Modern Lovers. This first, self-titled album was produced in part by John Cale, and contained such classics as 'Roadrunner' and the aforementioned 'Pablo Picasso'. Shortly after the release of this album, Jonathan underwent a divine revelation and decided to do away with all forms of instrumental amplification. Unfortunately, this decision left keyboardist Jerry Harrison picking through garbage

cans for fish bones until he landed a position with the Talking Heads. Thus, The Modern Lovers were reduced to guitars and drums. The arrangement turned out to be more than adequate for Jonathan, a fact that is evidenced by the subsequent release of numerous other albums, including his latest, which should be out by the end of this year.

Jonathan's style may be thought of as a Bohemian version of 50's bubblegum rock 'n' roll in which the song titles and lyrics reflect his impassioned love for the subtleties of American culture. For instance, in the ditty 'Chewing Gum Wrapper', with which he opened the Friday night gig at the Rivoli, Jonathan is moved by the faded colours of a cruddy little piece of paper. In another tune called 'My Jeans', Jonathan laments the fact that his jeans are 'a-frayin' and insists that a new pair of Levi's are not for him because he prefers Wranglers.

Jonathan is currently touring with his guitarist, Brendon, and his drummer, Michael, all that's left of The Modern Lovers. The sold out Friday night show was excellent, and although the crowd was

responsive, their reluctance to dance may have slightly marred Jonathan's performance, since it is apparent that his major strength lies in his interaction with the audience. True to his music, he was clothed in a T-shirt and blue denim. His facial expression, unchanging throughout the performance, was reminiscent of Christian saints of the early Middle Ages, suggestive of the tortured visage of a greater being (*Oh yeah, let's nail this dude to a tree-Ed.*). Jonathan ended the evening in second encore with the song 'Vincent van Gogh.' Similar to the art of van Gogh, Richman 'lived life so bad that the world had to know, / He loved colour and he let it show.'



*Strangeway, Here We Come*  
The Smiths  
Sire Records

*Bete Noire*  
Bryan Ferry  
Reprise 92 55981

For someone as depressed as Morrissey seems to be, it is indeed cruel that no one has informed him of the benefits of therapy. It is quite possible that by now he would have made remarkable progress.

The album *Strangeway, Here We Come* is nothing new to The Smiths. Morrissey is the only song writer I know of who can take perfectly innocent melodies and then write a song like 'Girlfriend in a Coma' over them. The depression here is total and blatant. One wonders if it is, possible in fact to actually feel this bad, or if it isn't some diabolical record company gimmick designed to sell records to suicidal teenagers.

As if anticipating this kind of reaction, the song 'Stop me if you Think You've Heard This One Before' perfectly explains Morrissey's point of view. Basically, Morrissey is upset over the intolerance in Western society for the gay lifestyle (yes, The Smiths are gay-surprised?). The song uses its title to say that if Smith's songs sound similar, it's because the situation hasn't changed much since The Smiths started putting out records. Other songs are about such cheery subjects as 'Fag Bashing' and extreme loneliness. I suppose that under these conditions it would be entirely possible to be constantly depressed.

Personally, I like this record, but then I also happen to like 'B' borsor movies and Kraft Dinner. The choice is yours.

Luis Aguila

*Bete Noire* is the latest attempt by Bryan Ferry to vocalize his bourgeois angst in the last throes of European aristocracy. Ferry, the distinctively stylish vocalist who was the mastermind behind the seventies art-rock group Roxy Music, spins his web of elegant seduction across the nine tracks on his new album.

Although it was just released, *Bete Noire* has existed since 1982 when Roxy released *Avalon*. The ambient, beat-heavy music of *Avalon* was refined on his next solo album, *Boys and Girls*, and this latest effort is merely an attempt to push the aesthetic values of the former to even greater extremes.

The album's sound could be categorized as a pastiche of Torch songs, disco, art-rock and New Age jazz. That is not to say that *Bete Noire* is a triumph of style over substance. As was always the case on *Boys and Girls*, the musicianship is first-rate, featuring the studio talents of David Gilmour, Siobhan Garrett, and on "Kiss and Tell" -- the best track on the album -- the Smiths' Jonny Marr. However, the real instrument of note is the voice.

Ferry's voice is spectacularly evocative, emotional, and tremulous, bordering on the ethereal. Try to picture Neil Young in a two thousand dollar Saville Row suit drinking a five hundred dollar bottle of wine and not singing through his nose. (Interestingly, Reprise, a division of Warner, is owned by that vocal stylist of yesteryear, Frank Sinatra, and used to hand Young). Ferry's frail high tenor is thinned out to the point where it threatens to disappear into the ozone altogether. On some of the songs, the only evidence that there is singing of any kind is the lyric sheet, so atmospheric is his sound.

The richness of tone and beat are both highly evocative. Listening to the album, images spring to mind of Angels (and sugarplums? -- co-ed), stripped down to their wings and a loincloth, grinding it out under the hot lights of the crowded dance floor.

Andrew Epstein

## The Innis Writing Lab

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assigned for any course.

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drop by Room 314.

For an appointment

drop by or phone 978-4871.

Mon., Wed., Thurs. 9-5

Tue. 9-1, Fri. 1-5



# SPORTS

## Injury Wrapup

Alex Russell

The Innis sports machine has been hit by a rash of injuries in the last week. A number of key players (both women and men) have been forced to watch their mates from the sidelines while nursing their various and sundry wounds of war.

Amy Rytell will be particularly missed on the women's sports scene (Amy suffered a bit of a fall at the Innis Halloween celebration). Doctors have not yet set a date for her return but insiders are speculating that she might be sidelined for at least two weeks. The loss of Rytell will be most felt by the women's ice hockey team.

On the men's side, the loss of Mitch Chang will be felt by three teams; hockey, football and rugger. Chang, who, according to rumour, is a strong candidate for jock of the year honours, was sidelined in Sunday's Trinity/Innis grudge football match, when he injured an already banged up knee. Chan is

listed day to day.

Rugged centre Brad Morrison is not in tomorrow's hockey lineup against Demistry. Morrison is out with strained ligaments in his ankle. He'll also be missed by the rugby team.

Speaking of Rugby, tough-guy Matt McGarvey is out for the season with a busted schnozz. Tough loss there for the rugbies.

One bright spot however, is the likely return of the speedy Artie Hanks in tomorrow's hockey game. Hanks should bolster the team's 'offensive' power.

The question now, is how (and if) Innis sports will deal with the holes in its personnel line up. Until this recent outbreak of injuries, it was beginning to look like the '87-'88 intramural program was going to belong to Innis. Now, however, Innis teams will have to dig deep if they hope to survive the present crisis.



Greg Sutton

The teams at Innis College are in full swing, some having just closed out their season, and the success rate is quite impressive. The men's football team has won 4 out of its first 5 games, clinching a spot in the post-season tournament for the coveted Mulock Cup. The Tide closes out the regular season Sunday Nov. 8 against New College in a battle that will not only decide first place but also the right to play the fourth place team in the semi-finals.

The 'new-look' publicly funded Innis Flames have been shot out of a cannon this year. Despite financial troubles and constant rumours that the team would fold, the men's hockey team is undefeated in its first 4 contests, compiling a record of 3 wins and 1 tie. You can catch the Flames in action Thurs. Nov. 19 at 10:00 pm against Law and Mon. Nov. 30 at 11:00 pm against Trinity. All games are at Varsity Arena.

The Innis Rugby team had an off year due mainly to attendance and injury problems. Last year's champs had to play shorthanded several

times and often without the services of key players. Their final record was a very mediocre 3-4-1, not good enough for post-season play.

Men's soccer has finished their season with 4 victories and 3 defeats. The Innis squad was a solid team with a good mixture of talent and may have surprised a few teams in the playoffs. Unfortunately they missed the final spot by one point.

Men's basketball has just begun their season and have dropped 2 out of their first 3 games. Get the boys in gear Panzo!

Rumour has it that Mitch Chang is the early favourite to capture athlete of the year honours. Well let me tell you something. In the history of Innis College, never has there been an athlete of the year that has failed to score a single goal over an entire hockey season.

That's the Men's Athletic Wrap-up.

P.S. Hey Mitch.....open nets don't count!

## Football Wrapup

Dave Clegg

In these uncertain times of stock market crashes, Persian Gulf turmoil and bumbling Irish politicians it's reassuring to know that some constants remain: the Innis Tackles Football team is loaded with talent, is highly competitive and hates to practice. With one game remaining in the regular season the Crimson Tide is atop the Division Two standings with a deceptively good 4-1 record.

The team motto appears to be "We'd rather be lucky than good". The 10-6 victory over Trinity in the second week of the season being a prime example of this "Team of Destiny" mentality. Innis scored one touchdown on the initiative of Dave Cowling who lined up outside during an Innis punt and was able to recover the ball and race fifty yards unopposed for a touchdown leaving behind a bewildered group of Trinity and Innis players in his wake. Later in the same game with less than two minutes to play, down 8-6, the Innis offence on one of the few occasions

this season put together a drive. Aided by QB Greg Sutton's scrambling and two clutch catches, one by perennial hero Mike Hugo, the Tide found themselves on the Trinity 10 yard line needing a mere field goal to win. Here's the kick - it's up, it's good - no wait, a flag - not enough men on the Innis line (funny how these things happen when guys can't be bothered to show up for practice). Time to re-kick but with added penalty distance tacked on, thinking back over the course of team history one cannot recall an Innis team making two field goals in one game, let alone having to kick two field goals with the game on the line. Kicker Dave, however, calmly preceded to make the second field goal as well. Final score: Dave Cowling 10 - Trinity 8.

It would be unfair to say that luck has been the team's only resource. The defence has played, marred by an occasional lapse, superbly and has scored nearly as many points as

the offence. Career firsts go to Darby Crew and John Waterson who have each scored their first TD. The linebacker corps is truly outstanding and has established a reputation for relentlessly crushing opposition running backs. The fact that the defence has allowed only 29 points in five games speaks for itself.

In the third game of the year the offence showed what it is capable of doing by mixing a combination of hard running with smart passing to control the ball and unseat Medicine 10-0. Kudos' went to rookie running back Mitch Chang who scored his first TD and impressed with his speed and aggressiveness.

Week four saw the offence sputter yet again but a strong second half, led by Dan Schechner's 60 yard punt return for a TD, sparked a Tide rally for a 15-7 victory.

The Halloween weekend saw the Tide masquerading as a football team. Facing Trinity again, Innis had an opportunity to knock their

arch-rivals out of play-off contention. Forced to put a makeshift unit on the field due to the absence of four key starters the offence sputtered and then self-destructed by time and again taking bad penalties; not just bad penalties but ignorant lack of mental effort, turn the coach's hair grey penalties. Final score: Trinity 6 - Innis 2. Historic Note: In order to fill out the twenty-four "man" roster, Debbie Horvath-Dori became the first woman to dress for a tackle football game.

With one game remaining the Tide will play New College with first place at stake. The Mulock Cup, that worshipped chalice for which many knees and premature arthritic conditions have been offered, is definitely within grasp but large questions remain unanswered. Does the offence have any pride? Can the defence stop the bomb? But, above all, will everyone who thinks he is a football player come out to practice?

I'd like to start by thanking Roger Catell for all his work in getting the year off to a good start. Events so far have included volleyball in which we actually made it to the quarterfinals. A special mention to Jessie P. and the amazing Vladnick who enthusiasm and support made the team such a success. Many thanks also to Martha MacEachern for her help and organization of the event.

On Oct. 30th Innis entered the curling bonspiel with a team led by Sally Kerwin. It, apparently, was a lot of fun.

Events that are underway include the tennis tournament scheduled for Nov. 6th + 7th and badminton Nov 13th. If you'd like to play sign the lists posted on the cork boards by the pit.

Everyone is welcome.

## Co-ed Wrapup

Chris Horvath

I'd like to start by thanking Roger Catell for all his work in getting the year off to a good start. Events so far have included volleyball in which we actually made it to the quarterfinals. A special mention to Jessie P. and the amazing Vladnick who enthusiasm and support made the team such a success. Many thanks also to Martha MacEachern for her help and organization of the event.

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# SPORTS

## Rugby Wrapup

Matt McGarvey

The Innis rugby team disappointingly did not qualify for the playoffs this year, finishing with a 2-4-1 record. There were, however, few who doubted that it could have been a great year.

The major problem was consistency. Only twice did a full side turn out, and these two games were victories for Innis. Injuries kept myself, Jim Risk, Alan Sharpe, Brad Morrison and Mitch Chang sidelined for part of the season, leaving a team with heart but little experience. Other problems in timing kept Peter Bennell, Richard Lautens, Andrew Liebman and Richard Marcovitz out of many games. Fortunately, new-comers such as Jim Reilly and Keith Denning did not lose spirit and may now consider themselves quality players. Roger Ho Ping Kong gets the iron-man award for attending and playing every game.

This year sees the retirement of myself, Richard Lautens, Richard Marcovitz and possibly Mitch Chang

(if he graduates, that is). I'm sure Innis will carry the league, and Richard Marcovitz's dream child, to further victory.

Another milestone was met this year with the first female to play Innis rugby. She proved, although some refuse to accept it still, that woman can play rugby without sacrificing the quality of the game. She certainly played as well as anyone I've met with equal experience. Unfortunately, I have lost her name and can only give congratulations in print. If you read this, send a note c/o the Innis Herald so that you can become part of history.

Finally, congratulations to all team players for what I would call a successful season. We never gave up, and we all played to our ability. I hope we continue in this.

The team players of the season, as selected by myself with the advice of others, are as follows:

Best Forward : Brad Morrison

Best Back : Roger Ho Ping Kong



## Hockey Wrapup

Rob Stanley

This year's edition of the Innis Flames is off to a flying start with a record of two wins and a tie. The team grabbed a last minute 4-3 victory over St. Mikes and a 3-1 win over Vic, but suffered a mild let-down last week after leading PHE 2-0 with four minutes to go and finally settling for a 2-2 tie.

The team is not only playing 'winning' hockey, but also has, arguably, the sharpest points on the tops of their heads in the league. For all you Innis students who have not yet come out to cheer the team on, it's worth your while to come out and see these new uniforms.

With the return of eleven veterans and several very steady regulars, the outlook for this season is very

bright. Greg "Schwartz" Sutton leads the team in terms of scoring with three goals, while Alex Russell, who is last year's leading scorer (and who, incidentally, is still awaiting his two-four from Greg and Alex for last season - all right, all right sports ed.) is right behind him with two goals.

Speaking of our leading scorer, some of those in attendance this year have been heard to exclaim, "Look, Sutton's backchecking!" All the team has to do now is teach him how to take face-offs. (Ouch! sports ed.)

So come out and see if this is possible and (even if it's not) cheer your team on as they continue their quest for the Division Two Championship.

## Women's Sports Wrapup

Amy Ryett

The month of October was an exciting one for the Innis women's flag football and ice hockey teams. After having demolished Pharmacy 14-0, the Innis football squad prepared to replay the second half of the tie game against the UC Firedragons (the game had previously been called by an irate referee). The score finally settled at 6-0 for UC, handing Innis their second loss of the season. The team went on to receive defaults from the faculties of Nursing (only 3 players showed) and Medicine. Meds were unfortunate enough to be short at the half and were forced to give Innis a win after playing a very strong game on a ridiculously muddy field.

The regular season record of 4 wins, 2 losses easily clinched a playoff spot for Innis, but the going got somewhat tougher as Innis clashed with St. Mike's. Despite a 12-6 loss to SMC, Innis team captain Mary Campbell felt that everyone played an outstanding game and had a terrific time, ending the season on a positive note. Many thanks for the fantastic coaching by Richard Lautens and frequent moral support (not to mention refereeing) courtesy of Mitch Chang. Thanks guys!!

Hockey pre-season exhibition games against St. Mike's and Trinity proved to be an exhausting experience for the six skaters (and

goalie) who showed for the early morning games on October 27th. The small but gutsy team (*Beer guts? -philos. ed.*) were rewarded for their efforts with a 1-1 tie against St. Mike's and a 4-0 loss to Trinity. Several other players promise to show for the regular season. The Innisites who participated in the hockey clinics given by Paul Titanic (coach of the Varsity Blues) agreed that they were a great help in honing skating and stickhandling skills. As the regular season advances, all results will be posted on the blackboard and detailed in future issues of the *Herald*.

## THE INNIS HERALD

... more fun than a colony of giant ants...

next deadline : 11  
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Enter the Herald's writing contest!  
Prizes will be awarded for the best short story, short short story and poem. Special bonus prize for the most bizarre and/or Byzantine short short story.  
Prizes will include  
a) books  
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Deadline : 11 January 1988.

## SCAT!

87

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i wish i was a beatnik  
so i could sit in darkened cafes  
drink coffee by the pot  
and discuss poetry and literature  
i could go to parties  
-a jug of wine under my arm-

with cool jazz playing on the stereo  
wearing black clothes and reciting my poetry  
to the accompaniment  
of bongo drums  
hobnobbing with Jack and Allen and earnest young men  
instead i drink beer in pubs  
and dance to the Ramones

blitz

**Harold Innis Say:**  
**Cemeteries gradually**  
**rise above**  
**surrounding territory**  
**with generations**  
**of interments.**



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DIALOGUE  
(Daniel et Armelle dans  
une café)

A: Ou sons les enfants?  
D: Les enfants sont  
mortes aujourd'hui.  
A: Est ce qu'il ya des  
questions pour les  
pommes-de-terre?  
D: Non, les pommes sont  
formidable.

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